Volume LXXIV CHICAGO, JANUARY 28, 1915 Number 22

# UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

## FIVE SOULS

*First Soul*—

I was a peasant of the Polish plain;
I left my plough because the message ran:—
Russia, in danger, needed every man
To Save her from the Teuton; and was slain.
*I gave my life for freedom—this I know:*
*For those who bade me fight had told me so.*

*Second Soul*—

I was a Tyrolese, a mountaineer;
I gladly left my mountain home to fight
Against the brutal, treacherous Muscovite;
And died in Poland on a Cossack spear.
*I gave my life for freedom—this I know:*
*For those who bade me fight had told me so.*

*Third Soul*—

I worked in Lyons at my weaver's loom,
When suddenly the Prussian despot hurled
His felon blow at France and at the world;
Then I went forth to Belgium and my doom.
*I gave my life for freedom—this I know:*
*For those who bade me fight had told me so.*

*Fourth Soul*—

I owned a vineyard by the wooded Main,
Until the Fatherland, begirt by foes
Lusting her downfall, called me, and I rose
Swift to the call—and died in fair Lorraine.
*I gave my life for freedom—this I know:*
*For those who bade me fight had told me so.*

*Fifth Soul*—

I worked in a great shipyard by the Clyde,
There came a sudden word of wars declared,
Of Belgium, peaceful, helpless, unprepared,
Asking our aid; I joined the ranks, and died.
*I gave my life for freedom—this I know:*
*For those who bade me fight had told me so.*

*From the NATION (London)* —*W. N. Ewer.*

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CHICAGO

# UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXIV. THURSDAY, JANUARY 28, 1915. NUMBER 22

## THE REFORMER.

All grim and soiled and brown with tan,
I saw a Strong One, in his wrath,
Smiting the godless shrines of man
Along his path.

I looked: aside the dust-cloud rolled,
The Waster seemed the Builder too;
Upspringing from the ruined Old
I saw the New.

'Twas but the ruin of the bad,—
The wasting of the wrong and ill;
Whate'er of good the old time had
Was living still.

Calm grew the brows of him I feared;
The frown which awed me passed away,
And left behind a smile which cheered
Like breaking day.

For life shall on and upward go;
Th' eternal step of Progress beats
To that great anthem, calm and slow,
Which God repeats.

God works in all things; all obey
His first propulsion from the night;
Wake thou and watch! the world is gray
With morning light.

—*John Greenleaf Whittier.*

---

Marion Craig Wentworth's "The War Brides," published in the February *Century*, is a most distressing play, but it is as profitable as it is distressing. It interprets the gruesome facts which David Starr Jordan so masterfully arranges when he argues for the impoverishing of the blood of the nations, in terms of dramatic art. It enforces the gruesome logic that for patriotic reasons calls upon recruits to marry before they march off to war, that the nation be not wholly depopulated by the horrible devastations of battlefields, hospitals and the march. The play in one act is a contribution to statesmanship, and if it is too forceful to be endured on the stage as art, it is so charged with portentous truth that it demands a place in the council chambers of the nations. It is a timely contribution to statesmanship.

---

*The Cambrian*, a semi-monthly magazine published in English at Utica, New York, for Welsh-Americans, for January 1st, is before us, an attractive publication of sixteen pages of about UNITY's size. This issue is madly militant. It bristles with war notes and warlike appeals. It is illuminated with war pictures boastful and proud of Cambria's part in this breakdown of civilization, a war for which no nation is willing to take the responsibility and in which all nations have lapsed on to the lower levels of patriotism where might and hate take the place of thought and love. What a sad revelation of this collapse of Welsh ideals is found in the note which says:

> Welshmen have abandoned the National Eisteddfod on account of the war; but football and horse-racing are continued in full swing in England. If the positions were reversed, there would be a hue and cry in the press about the disloyalty of Wales.

---

*The International Journal of Ethics* for February contains articles on "The Ethics of War," by Bertrand Russell, "International Morality," by Arthur Ponsonby, "The Changing Conception of Property," by H. A. Overstreet, "Why Should Law and Philosophy Get Together," by J. H. Tufts, and "Nietzsche's Moral Aim," by W. M. Salter; all of which tempts the thinker and provokes thought. It is a matter of general significance as well as of local pride to Chicago that the managing editorship of this great quarterly has fallen into the hands of Prof. James H. Tufts of the University of Chicago. The closing word of his own article named above is significant: "All of us philosophers, social reformers, lawyers, statesmen, have seen our problems too narrowly; we need to think in larger terms."

---

*The Homiletic Review* is surely passing from being a doubtful substitute for a preacher's study hours to a provocative of study. The February number is replete not with ready-made sermons but with valuable sermon material. Prof. Richard Gottheil of Columbia University, in analyzing the Mohammedan situation dissipates the newspapers' "Holy War" theory. The Mohammedan world is no longer a unit; but it is broken up by sectarian variations within and varying loyalties and attractions from without. "Three Babylonian Documents," "Moral Waste of War," "War and Civilization," "War and Women" are among the other titles that challenge the preacher and will provoke him to put less "shoddy" and more "all wool" into his sermon fabrics.

---

*The Homiletic Review* for February publishes an interesting "Order of Service" recently used in the Ogontz School for Young Women, which consists of readings from the Apochrypha and Pseudepigrapha with this explanatory title on the front page: "The Background of the Life of Christ as found in the Old Testament and Apochrypha and Apocalypses." It must

have been a fascinating service on that March 22, 1914 but it must have been condensation reduced to congestion. Some day the young ladies of Ogontz will be given a year's course of study in this fertile but neglected field rich in its own behalf, but more valuable as a key to the religious life that both preceded and followed these three fertile centuries, two preceding and one following the birth of Jesus, when Greek thought met Hebrew inspiration and the great melting-pot of ideas, the fusion of the religion of the East and the West made the New Testament possible and Christianity a necessity.

---

A quarter of a century ago Edwin Davies Schoonmaker's article in the February *Century* entitled "Has the Church Collapsed?" would have been considered dangerously if not wickedly heretical and could have found publication only in some theological publication radically Unitarian in its theology. In these days when so many things concerned with the life of the spirit and the progress of the race have collapsed, it is a hopeful sign of the times that a magazine so allied to the arts, refinements and integrities of life as the *Century* is glad to print as its initial article a study so free from conventional traditions, so allied with the facts of history scientifically studied. It urges that:

> The carpenter of Nazareth was in every respect a complete antithesis of the Cæsars. . . . All the splendid substitutions with which Rome surrounded the birth of Romulus are draped around the crib of the man of Nazareth. As in the former case, the human father is gotten rid of to make room for Mars; in the latter the same thing is done to make room for Jehovah. . . . The giving of the keys to Peter is such a reflection upon the insight of Jesus that we are inclined to regard the whole story as a forgery. . . . By temperament Peter belongs to Rome just as Marcus Aurelius belongs among the disciples. . . . To mistake the church which arose on the ruins of the Roman Empire for the church which the man of Nazareth established is proof positive of ethical and spiritual blindness. . . . Is it any wonder that the tide has gone out and left the church utterly powerless if the old vesture of Cæsarism with which she once overawed the millions has been stripped off? . . . After eighteen hundred years if it is easy for men to thrust bayonets into the hearts of one another as it was in the heathen world, is it not apparent that the church has collapsed?

Let prelate and pastor, Catholic and Protestant, orthodox and herterodox read this article, expand its lines and extend its logic and then reflect upon this gigantic failure. Does it not leave a "vacuum," to use the figure of the essayist, into which at last the belated message of the Nazarene which is the message of human brotherhood, the beatitude of the pure, merciful and righteous life, the gospel of the Golden Rule may find lodgment. Too long Cæsar has masked in the robes of the Christ. It is time that the man Jesus should be heard and his leadership be established, not only in the individual lives of men and women, but in the corporate life of nations. Thus making common cause with art and philosophy which now are beginning to be recognized as forces in their own rights, the foundations of a civilization that will be *civil*-ized is being laid.

---

The following letter from David Starr Jordan, Chancellor of Leland Stanford University, is like everything else he writes—illuminating. Of course it goes without saying that Dr. Jordan is right concerning the attitude of university men, which like that of all independent men in all the walks of life, is on the side of peace as against war. Only the fiends in hell can be enamored of the bloody business. But the test question is, how many men in the universities are willing to bring their convictions down to date in relation to the limitation and reduction of armament. Where are the university men and preachers on the question of more battleships and more soldiers? My impression is that the so-called "practical men of business," and certainly the journalists as represented in the daily press of Chicago, have a silent, sullen contempt for "pacifists" who believe that the time has come for the United States to begin now. Such pacifists are dismissed with a sneer as "impractical dreamers" or something worse. Will Mr. Jordan tell us where the university men are standing on this question?

Dear UNITY:

Referring to your editorial of January 7th, there is no question that the great majority of university men of this country are on the side of peace, and that they have a clear vision as to the responsibility of military efficiency for devastating Europe. Most of the university men are specialists, speaking, writing along the lines they have chosen for their life work, but professors and students can be counted on, on the whole, as on the right side in this and in every other question.

I sometimes compare the peace and war conditions to a gigantic game, let us say of whist. One in a thousand is on the side of war, the others are either inert or on the side of peace; but in this game one not only has to win every trick, but to win all the time and in every country, else the world is in flames. Take away the guns and this would be no longer true.

Very truly yours,
DAVID STARR JORDAN.

*Stanford University,* Jan. 16, 1915.

---

"The Terrible Submarine," "the only enemy England fears and which threatens her disintegration as a nation," is the title of a startling article vividly illustrated in the February number of *McClure's* by Burton J. Hendrick. Even more scary and revolutionary, though less effective, is the deadly bomb dropped from the skies by an aeroplane. From beneath the sea and from above the earth come these devilish refinements of science which if war is to be pushed to its bitter end by the help of the highest scientific ingenuity and the latest contrivances of the laboratory is to render dreadnoughts helpless and fortifications useless. It is time that our nervous advocates of more defensive armaments should bring themselves down to date and not waste money on

the outworn dreadnoughts and long-range cannon. Both the submarine and the aeroplane are "weapons against which there is no defence." These are hard problems for the militant, but the pacifist sees an easy solution. The economies, the humanities, philosophy and religion point to a better way: the application in statecraft of the old but still untried Golden Rule formulated by the prophets of Israel, stated by the law giver of China, and enshrined in the heart of the New Testament and constituting the core of the Gospel of the Nazarene.

## The Chicago Problem

The problems of Chicago are the problems of every large city in the country. A vast aggregation of people of diverse origin, languages and religion; immense commercial interests; economic problems of great complexity are to be handled with the outgrown village machinery. If we read the statistics of 1910 aright and give to Chicago a population of two and a half million, it has gathered within the confines of one county more people than are found in thirty-seven states of the Union. Only eleven states exceed in population the city of Chicago, according to the census of 1910, and all this vast interest is in the hands of a Mayor who represents a partisan machine surrounded by henchmen who have largely been appointed for political reasons and always with the view of perpetuating party interests which have not the remotest relation to any of the municipal interests. The legislative body of this great commonwealth consists of a body of seventy-five men representing thirty-five wards artificially created. Gerrymandered out of all symmetry and proportion, the ward maps of Chicago represent crazier outlines than were ever achieved in the craziest of grandmother quilts. Every ward is blocked and crooked and hooked and panhandled to meet the interests and ambitions of partisan manipulators. These supposed local representatives (ward aldermen we call them) are kept busy for most of the time in assisting tax-dodgers, in helping law-breakers escape from the just punishment of their misdeeds, in cleaning the back yards of the most persistent of their woman constituency, humoring churches by planting trees in their territory, and in cultivating the good will of the saloon keepers, their fear of whose power far outreaches their fear of the preachers. An incoherent and incompetent body of legislators which meets in the evening and whose deliberations reach far into and beyond midnight. Much of the chicanery and stupidity is evolved in the bad atmosphere and the drowsy hours when all decent men are asleep.

What are the remedies? Here are some of them, obvious but under present conditions impossible. The elimination of party politics in municipal affairs; the making of independency easy and partisanship hard instead of making partisanship easy and independency almost impossible as now is the case. The elective offices should be few, nominations for which should be by petition alone, the primary ticket offering the four or six highest candidates, and if at the primary election one candidate received a clear majority that should be the end of the contest, he should stand elected; if not, the second election should present the two highest candidates and that would be definitive. Under this method, if the artificial ward boundaries could not be entirely eliminated, their lines should be straightened along natural or geometric lines, and their numbers reduced, and at least one-half of the aldermen should be representatives at large, men big enough in mind, true enough in heart, to legislate for the whole city. This legislative body should meet in the daylight and, like the legislative bodies into whose hands the lesser interests of the thirty-seven states are put, meet continuously until their work is done, annual or semi-annual sessions sufficing. They should meet and deliberate during the working hours of the world when the honest citizens are abroad and public spirited men and women could watch and encourage them. A Mayor in such a city should not affect omniscience or omnipotence by undertaking to direct all the vast activties of the city. He should be surrounded not by henchmen selected for their political prowess, but by the highest experts. The most efficient special talent to be found anywhere in the world should constitute his cabinet.

A movement in this direction would inevitably lead logically to the consolidation of the over-lapping governments of counties and city and separate the city from the rest of Illinois around whose neck Chicago hangs like a millstone. Chicago and every other city with a population over two million should ask and receive from the federal government, statehood—the right to administer its affairs as the thirty-seven states that represent smaller interests than it does. The States of Chicago, New York and Philadelphia might well be welcomed into the sisterhood of states.

It is only upon some such long lines as these that Chicago can be lifted out of its political humiliation and Illinois be relieved from its degrading and degraded elements politically speaking. It is Chicago that has made the state of Illinois disgraceful in the eyes of its associates, lowering it in point of executive efficiency and civil service nobility to nearly the bottom of the list among all the northern states. It has made its representatives in Congress always commonplace and sometimes infamous.

All this is painfully exhibited in the present preliminary campaignings for the mayoralty office which

is to be filled at the next spring election, when a fusion of the nobler elements in all the parties is seeking to put forward a man like Judge Olson, chief of the municipal bench, one who has endeared himself to the law-abiding and law-loving citizens by the efficiency of his administration of the court that is one of the creditable achievements of Chicago 'spite of its corrupt politics. A member of Congress leaves his post, an Ex-Governor rallies his machine, even the scandalous "Billy" Lorimer presents his claims in order to defeat anything looking like a non-partisan selection of a man to occupy the Mayor's chair, one who will administer the laws and re-enforce the ordinances with no machine to guard, no bosses to please, no party to conserve.

These are some of the herculean tasks with which the city of Chicago is confronted. Only a Hercules can clean the Augean stables, but there is a Hercules at hand, and his name is The Non-Partisan Voter whose ranks have been suddenly and greatly augmented by the accession of the women, untrammeled by the partisan traditions of the past, free from political debts to be paid and, let us hope, unblinded by the partisan zeal, ward patriotism and the greed of office.

## Norman Angell on Great Britain's terms of Peace

In that very meaty English monthly, *War and Peace,* which should be in every American town library, Norman Angell presents in the January issue an important proposal as to terms of peace as soon as the enemy is driven back to its own borders. He shows that all "England has as object the removal of the menace of military aggression," but that it will be futile to accomplish this by "beating Germany to her knees" and marching Ghurkas and Fijians across the Tiergarten in Berlin. Parliament, he says, before various wars has not known on Monday what policy it should commit the country to on Wednesday, because it did not know the popular pulse; though it knew that it had kept the country so in the dark as to pertinent facts that its opinion was worthless. The settlement of the principles on which this war must end must now be universally discussed and due account must be given to what would happen were a victorious Russia to be at the head of the Slav world, dominant in the Balkans, established at Constantinople, controlling the Dardanelles, should it ally itself with a defeated Germany.

He quotes Prof. Cramb's trenchant words: "He who cannot take within his range a prostrate France and the alliance of Russia and Germany against England is not a student of poitics." A defeated Germany would still retain her capacity for military administration, which would be a substantial asset to an ally like Russia, who, in times past, was England's enemy and may be so again when this unnatural alliance is ended. A defeated Germany is likely to make such an alliance with Russia if an alternative alliance is not offered. What Mr. Angell proposes is for Great Britain to say to Germany: "We will protect you against Russia as we are prepared to protect Russia against you. We are ready to enter into an alliance with you as with all the powers of Europe, with a mutual guarantee of neutrality of all parties—the more guarantors to each treaty the better. Belgium shall in future be guaranteed not by four or five powers but by fourteen or fifteen—including the United States, which shall agree to throw, not military, but economic weight into the scale against future violation. And the same guarantee shall be extended, not only to the lesser States, but to the greater States as well. Europe is prepared to protect your nationality and to accept your aid in protecting that of others." . . . "If the Germans realize that we are fighting as much for their security as for our own, we may hope for an ending to the war long before there could be any prospect of its ending if the German people had nothing to hope for at its termination but the nearest approach to annihilation that the Allies' arms could produce. . . . We are attempting to make the disarmament of Germany part of the terms of peace. Such an exaction, unaccompanied by some such countervailing offer as I have indicated, would prove impossible of accomplishment, and dangerous if it were possible."

LUCIA AMES MEAD.

### THE DEFENDER.

Winter smote upon my door with his mailèd hand.
"Hail within! My legions white spur across the land.
Open now in Winter's name! Open, nor delay!
Ye of paltry latch and thatch, seek quarter while ye may!"

Little Love upon the hearth blew the brands again,
Held his rosy, baby hands to the embers' glow;
Baffled, scowling, Winter stood, watching through the pane,
Turned upon the roadside oaks, and felled them at a blow.

Hunger eyed us through the crack, leering, plunder-wild,
Laughed upon our clasping hands, and Love, a helpless child.
"Think you, then, until the spring to stand a double siege?
Ye of beggars' meal and weal, confess me lord and liege!"

Little Love with steady eyes, smiling hidden-sweet,
Fetched the flagon, halved the crust, and spread our trencher-board.
Sullenly adown the road sounded Hunger's feet,
While Love blessed our evening fare, and shared our simple hoard.

When Spring rode along the way, bannered green and gold,
Found he but a blackened hearth spread with ashes cold,
Glimpsed the empty cupboard's door, loosed, and swinging wide,
Found he little valiant Love, smiling, still inside.

*—Martha Haskell Clark.*

## Motion Pictures in the Department of Agriculture.—

The U. S. Department of Agriculture now maintains its own motion-picture laboratory for producing educational films on agricultural subjects. Several of these have been exhibited to farmers and other audiences by the agents of the department in connection with lectures. This laboratory has also co-operated with the Panama-Pacific Exposition Board in taking and developing subjects for other branches of the government, including the Bureau of Education, the Treasury Department, and the Smithsonian Institute.

*—Scientific American.*

## THE PULPIT

### The Men of the New Testament

### I.

### John the Reformer

A Sermon

*By Jenkin Lloyd Jones*

Delivered at
THE ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE, CHICAGO

Stenographically Reported by Miss May Johnson.

**Prayer.**

**We pray Thee, Father, for sincerity of heart. Make us pure within. Help us to brush aside the surface distractions, the poor, petty excuses, the belittling and weakening apologies for wrong done. Father, make us sincere this morning. Open our eyes to see the things that are most worth while. We would be alive to the iniquities without and within. Help us to become Thy "destroyers" that we may thereby become Thy builders. Amen.**

Sermon.

In this series of sermons I shall attempt an intensive study of the New Testament, through its personalities. Personality is ever one element to be reckoned with in history as in the life of the day.

On the threshold of the New Testament we come upon a character dimly outlined, grotesquely characterized, but one so pervasive, persuasive and compelling that he who reads between the lines is forced to the conclusion that in the so-called "John the Baptist" we have one of the prime makers of history. This man was overshadowed by the movement to which he gave the initial impulse and by the rise of the power which he anticipated.

I have in my library two attractive volumes laden with interest, entitled "The Reformers before the Reformation," in which is outlined the life and career of some of the mighty men of Germany, the very names of which have a strange sound in the hearing even of the intelligent. These men wrought mightily. They prepared the soil into which Luther's words and deeds fell. Popular history, with the blindness that characterizes the human, has set that one monk, Martin Luther, as the fountain head of this great movement we call the Reformation. The brave German monk Martin would be the first to protest against the injustice in this assumption.

Robert Browning, in his "Old Pictures in Florence," has sought out and glimpsed "The Masters before the Masters." He names those who laid the foundations and built the platforms upon which Raphael and Angelo stood to do their work. Well did he say:

> For oh this world and the wrong it does!
> If you knew their work you would deal your dole.

One of the most serious and searching poems of Kipling is to "The Explorer." You see I have hesitated for a word. "Searching" is a word not often to be used in regard to Kipling, but in this poem he has gone beneath the superficial and discovered the "master before the masters." Of course in the mastery of nature this pioneer heard on every hand:

> "There's no sense in going further—it's the edge of cultivation."
> So they said, and I believed it—broke my land and sowed my crop—
> Built my barns and strung my fences in the little border station
> Tucked away below the foothills where the trails run out and stop.
> But—"a voice as bad as Conscience rang interminable changes
> On one everlasting Whisper day and night repeated—so:
> 'Something hidden. Go and find it. Go and look behind the ranges—
> 'Something lost behind the ranges. Lost and waiting for you. Go!'
> "So I went, worn out patience; never told my nearest neighbors—
> Stole away with pack and ponies."

He faced the mountains and desert like Child Roland in Browning's poem. He left his "Camp of Despair" behind him,

> "Ever hearing voices, there is something better farther on."

He went crazy in the "No Man's Land," saw ghosts and heard ghostly voices. But at last he came into a "white man's country." "Well I know," he said—

> " . . . who'll take the credit—all the clever chaps that followed—
> Came a dozen men together—never knew my desert fears;
> Tracked me by the camps I'd quitted, used the water-holes I'd hollowed.
> They'll go back and do the talking. They'll be called the Pioneers!
>
> * * * *
>
> Have I named one single river? Have I claimed one single acre?
> Have I kept one single nugget (barring samples)? No, not I.
> Because my price was paid me ten times over by my Maker. But you wouldn't understand it. You go up and occupy.
>
> * * * *
>
> Yes, your "Never-never country"—yes, your "edge of cultivation"
> And "no sense in going further"—till I crossed the range to see.
> God forgive me! No, *I* didn't. It's God's present to our nation.
> Anybody might have found it but—His Whisper came to me!"

This, then, is the first reflection as we stand in the presence of John the Baptist. We are standing in the presence of an unappreciated figure in human progress, a beacon light in history. He belongs to the pioneers before the pioneers. He was the brave man who prepared the way. He was "the voice in the wilderness."

The allusions to him historically are confined to less than a hundred verses in the New Testament and one little paragraph in Josephus. But he pervades the New Testament like a disemboided inspiration. When news reached the tyrant Herod of the excitement created by the man of Nazareth, he said: "That must be John the Baptist come to life again." When people asked and disputed as to who this Jesus from Nazareth was, with the traditions of that wild reformer by the Jordan fresh in mind, some said, "He must be John the Baptist. It was a mistake about his execution." Some thirty years after his death we find Paul rebuking the Christians of the Corinthian territory, who were disputing about the leadership of Paul himself, of Christ, of John the Baptist, or of Apollos, the young enthusiast we come upon them in Ephesus, all the way from Alexandria. He had come hither through the preaching of the Gospel of John, and was surprised to find that it was identical with the Gospel of the Christ that Paul was talking about.

Fifty years or more after his death he receives a paragraph in the writings of Josephus.

Any attempt to study the meager records reveals a mighty personality, easily understood by the student of history. One word covers them all,—the word

"Prophet," not a "dreamer" with far away eyes telling what is to happen, but a stalwart reformer, stung into bitter denunciations at the sins of his time, quickened into continued inspiration against the abuses and corruptions of his day and his people.

Thus we promptly pass from John the Fore-runner to John the Reformer. Three elements always go with a reformer: One a ringing resistance to wrong, another a vision of things as they ought to be, and thirdly a conviction that the ideal is practical, that duty is imperative.

Call the roll of the great reformers in any land and in any age and you will find them characterized by these three spirits, a spirit of indignation against the wrong about them, a spirit that impresses them that the right is possible, and the courage to do and to dare in the interests of the ideal. So we find this man of plain speech, who calls things by their right names, taking no roundabout way to get there. Of course he arouses antagonism but he stirs the community. Like John Wesley, he was able to put the message of the better life into the terse vernacular of the common people so that the crowds flocked to hear him. The common folk rallied around him, only those who were high in power and prone to misuse that power, those who were encased in formalism and trusting in their forms, trembled in his presence.

The Reformer here as everywhere must necessarily be the man of the simple life. It was no diatetic whim that led him to be a vegetarian on the banks of the Jordan, living on the fruit of the Carob tree, wild honey and such resources as nature yielded. He found in the simple life the only condition that made his ministry possible. The simple life is always rooted in that ethical sincerity that ripens into inspiration. Ethical purity alone will rise above national conceits and bring inter-racial comity.

John's message was a very simple one. He preached the simple life that he practiced. He demonstrated the many things that can be dispensed with. The simple life is always popular in theory, but how is it in practice? Even in times of peace it takes no John the Baptist to see how the wastages of the world would feed the hungry, that the superfluities of the wardrobe would clothe the naked, the over-indulgence all around us would meet all the wants of the underpaid widow and the over-worked children.

There is a logical connection between the simple life which John practiced and the heart of the message which John preached, which was the message of repentance, as the condition of reform. Repentance is not simply some quality of conscience, some constrained obiesance to neglected duty, not simply some superficial confession of wrongs perpetrated, but a radical attempt to "lay the ax at the root of the tree," to use a New Testament phrase. Repentance is a "turning round." The Greek word has its root in two words which mean turning around—changing your mind.

"How far is it to Lowell?" said a pedestrian to a bright boy. "Well, sir if you go that way it is 24,999 miles, but if you turn around and go the other way, it is one mile." The whole philosophy of the spiritual life is involved in this story. No slight wavering to the right or left will save the pedestrian who is going in the wrong direction. He must turn around and go the other way. Therein lies the secret of the stories of many of the great leaders. What happened to John B. Gough, the wretched drunkard, dissipating his energies and wasting his money? He turned round and went the other way. Nothing will save you young men who already are beginning to feel the power of the glass, the seductive, inescapable charm of the cigarette or the cigar, but to turn around and go the other way. There is the saloon and there is the home—there is only one road between them. Which way are you facing? There is the life of the indulgent, the fashionable, the extravagant, the luxurious life, here is the life of the home-maker, of the clean citizen, of the honest workman. Which will you have? You cannot have both. Change your mind, repent, turn round and go the other way.

All the great gospelers of the world have emphasized in one way or another this great word of John, "Repent." This is not a theological problem,—not a metaphysical question. It is simply a plain, everyday question in ethics. It is a question of which way are you going. It is a matter of direction.

Paul held the cloak while men threw stones to kill the first Christian martyr, of whom I am to speak next Sunday. Then he went on his way to Damascus, fuming with indignation, determined to stamp out the heresy. On the way, traveling across the parched sands, lying under the pale moon at night, something happened. He changed his mind. He turned round and thus became the great planter.

Here comes the irony of fate. Poor John the Baptist! See how he looms up in the mind of a poet, a contemporary and colleague of Shakespeare:

> The last and greatest Herald of Heaven's King
> Girt with rough skins, hies to the desert wild,
> Among that savage brood that woods bring forth,
> Which he more harmless found than man, and mild.
>
> His food was locusts, and what there doth spring,
> With honey that from virgin hives distill'd;
> Parch'd body, hollow eyes, some uncouth thing
> Made him appear, long since from earth exiled.
>
> There burst he forth: All ye whose hopes rely
> On God, with me amidst these deserts mourn,
> Repent, repent, and from old errors turn!
> Who listened to his voice, obey'd his cry?
>
> Only the echoes, which he made relent,
> Rung from their flinty caves, Repent! Repent!

On this man, who fled the company at Jerusalem, who rebuked the social leaders, the deans of established religion in his name, 'nineteen hundred years after his death, a complex body of men have dared assume his title and make a crucial test of fellowship the depth of the water in which they are to take their spiritual bath. You must be plunged in say they. Immersion, they insist, is the proper translation of the Greek word which to this day remains untranslated in our Bibles.

According to the encyclopedia, there are over ten million English speaking "Baptists" who have organized religion on the translation of this Greek word "baptizo." They have raised money and built printing houses and published translations so they can always read "John the Immerser" and not "John the Baptist." "In those days came John immersing!" They have had great trouble among themselves. I speak sympathetically. My encyclopedia tells me there are twelve different kinds of Baptists in the world. It enumerates ten of them. Their names are suggestive. There are the Close Communion Baptists, the Campbellites, Dis-

ciples of Christ, Dunkards, the Freewill Baptists, Primitive Baptists, Separate Baptists, Seventh Day Baptists, and there are the Brennerians, forty thousand of them down in Pennsylvania today who build their hopes for the Kingdom,—or at least organize their religion in this world, on the three rites: First, baptism in deep water (you must get clear under); second, the elect must wash each others' feet, which is a regular rite required by the Church; and third, what they call the Lord's Supper. Then there is the old Two-Seed-in-the-Spirit Predestinarian Baptists. You will find them in the encyclopedias today. There were twelve thousand of them in their community, mostly in the Carolinas, in 1907.

What a mighty fall is there here from the man of simple habits and plain speech, from the one who protested against the artificiality and formalities of life, to a band of ten million who bear his name and who have magnified the most incidental and accidental elements in his history.

Over and against this ten million let me read you the one little paragraph that Josephus wrote from the inside. He was born perhaps thirty years after John's death. He tells of this prophet of Israel, this one more in the line of Isaiah. This man of whom Jesus said, "there is no greater," at whose hands Jesus asked the symbolic water, and who before he began his ministry went over and spent some time in communion with his kinsman:

> Now some of the Jews thought that the destruction of Herod's army came from God, and that very justly, as a punishment for what he did against John, who was called the Baptist. For Herod had put him to death, though he was a good man, and commanded the Jews to exercise virtue, both as to justice toward one another, and piety toward God, and so to come to baptism; for baptism would be acceptable to God, if they made use of it, not in order to expiate some sins, but for the purification of the body, provided that the soul was thoroughly purified beforehand by righteousness. Now, as many flocked to him, for they were greatly moved by hearing his words, Herod, fearing that the great influence John had over the people might lead to some rebellion (for the people seemed likely to do anything he should advise), thought it far best, by putting him to death, to prevent any mischief he might cause, and not bring himself into difficulties, by sparing a man who might make him repent of his leniency when it should be too late. Accordingly, he was sent a prisoner, in consequence of Herod's suspicious temper, to Machaerus, the fortress I before mentioned, and was there put to death. So the Jews had an opinion that the destruction of this army was sent as a punishment upon Herod, and was a mark of God's displeasure at him.

This paragraph from Josephus' Antiquities makes no allusion to the legend that the giddy girl Salome was party to the murder. The critics are inclined to think that was an after-growth and that there was a much more profound reason for his execution on the part of a tyrannical ruler who had every reason to fear the plain speech and wrath of the public than a frivolous woman's whim.

Here then is the man who prepared the way for the Nazarene, by brushing away the conventionalities, by probing to the heart the ethical life of the day, he who exposed the shams and wastefulness, the social formalities and theological woodenness of his time, speaking simply the words of moral reform, standing for the religion of character, pleading for the essentials of the spiritual life, repentance from sin.

Let us beware of how we try to nurse our own souls, raise our own family, serve our own city, by ignoring the patent fact that there is sinning going on about us and within us; that we are facing the wrong way oftentimes, and nothing will save us but to turn around and go the other way.

The heart-sick and soul-sick Luther was troubled not over the theology, but over the iniquities of Romish priests, the artificiality of their religion, the wickedness of their administration. He thought perhaps that if he crossed the mountains and visited Rome, the Holy City, the city where Peter laid the foundation of the church, and where Paul was martyred, that the old faith would come back to him, and his soul would find peace. The first vision of the Holy City that broke upon the eyes of this pedestrian threw him upon his knees and he prayed for the restoration of his faith. But it did not come. There was no consolation in it. At last in the city he thought he would make the supreme test, make the holy journey up the *Scala Sancta* on his naked knees. Breathing a prayer at every step, mindful of the promise of the Church that whoever ascends the *Scala Sancta* in proper spirit, on bended knees, would, when he reached the top, be vouchsafed a vision. He would catch some glimpse of the glory of God's Kingdom,—perchance the distant ramparts of the City of God, or it might be the face of the Holy Virgin, or he might even hear the voice of the Savior of men. But as he ascended step by step on naked knees, when half way up, there flashed through his mind the penetrating text of Paul which said, "By faith are you justified," not by this mechanical process which the Church calls for. And the brave young monk sprang to his feet and walked down. He never reached the top. His career was decided. His mission was defined, when he turned round on the holy stairs in Rome and walked the other way.

The religion that does not demand this turning around in the presence of wrong, in the face of sin, is not a real religion that will save the world. John the Baptist offered no palliatives. It behooves us in these dark days not to seek to ameliorate the woes occasioned by a high-handed violence of the obvious laws of life, by any "Red Cross" contributions or "Christmas ship" benefactions. No housing of war orphans will atone for the awful crimes now being perpetrated in the name of patriotism, under the sanction of national loyalties and under the guise of "Christian warfare." "Civilized warfare!" is what we prate about. What impious contradiction in terms! There is no such thing as "civilized warfare" possible. There can be no "justifiable wars." There never have been! All such justifications would justify letting the tiger loose from his cage when the tent is crowded with helpless men, women and children, that the tiger might be kept healthy. The warfare that will drop pernicious bombs from the clouds and bury devilish torpedoes in the deep, has nothing in common with religion or morals. It has no place in true patriotism. It is *non-civilization* and not civilization.

John the Baptist preached cleanliness of mind, purity of conscience, as well as simplicity of heart, that and nothing else will save our country today. That and nothing else will give us the virility that the age calls for, that our times demand. There is an irreconcilable antagonism between the simple life of conscience and the padded life of indulgence.

I remember that it is for no man to set the practice line for another, but woe to the soul that has never

undertaken to survey that life in the inner chambers of which his own conscience dominates. I repeat as I began, that the wastages of the world will feed all the starvelings, the extravagances of dress will clothe the naked, the superfluities of life will solve the labor problem, the woman problem, and the child labor scandal.

I move the previous question, in the name of John the Baptist, in my own life, in your life, in the life of this city and the life of this generation, are we wasting our strengths, dissipating our energies on the accidentals that do not bless the home and do not bring peace and comfort? The artist who painted John the Baptist as a grim, hard, somber man of the woods, did not understand the joy of service, did not penetrate into the peace that passeth understanding to the soul that has "turned around," that has repented, and is taking the short route to Lowell and not the long way round the globe.

Fundamental ethical questions are few. The problem of peace, the problem of race, and the problem of labor represent inclusively somehow the fundamental perplexities of the world today. The problem of civilization is the problem of peace. We are told that this is a poor year to preach peace. Peace societies are told that this is the time to repair the damage, to buy bandages. I tell you this is an attempt to play with conscience. Now if ever is the time to rise above the narrow inspirations of pro-German or pro-Briton, to strip the soul of its artificiality, and walk along the banks of the Jordan with John, that we may recognize that the whole of civilization is responsible for this outrageous situation. We are party to the awful crime. We are fellows in all these atrocities. Every dollar invested in the last fifty years in the instruments of destruction has been invested in this calamity. Every triumph of the laboratory or the shop, every increased power in the gun and added potency in the explosive has been a contribution to this violence.

Norman Hapgood, trusted and beloved of all of us, the accomplished editor of *Harper's Weekly*, tells this story of his own experience as a lad. There was given to him a six-shooter, a beautiful instrument, a toy, something which a boy wants to become acquainted with, somehow still supposed by many to be necessary to the proper education of a boy. That revolver as it lay in the bureau drawer was very tempting. He had a favorite dog, a playmate, a companion who became afflicted with a skin disease, and the gardener told him he must be shot—there was no remedy. Then that revolver in the drawer and the untrained fingers put in their work in the imagination of the boy. He grew afraid that someone else would fire the fatal shot so long as the dog must go. So he tried his own revolver. The bullet glanced and oh the unforgettable look of reproach in that dog's eyes. But now that the work was begun it must be finished. That man now in middle life, honored and trusted, tells that never has a month passed from that time to this but that ghastly scene has been enacted in his soul. It has haunted him in his dreams. All from the fell result of a false suggestion. What is true of the boy Norman Hapgood has proven profoundly true in the evolution of the military in the life of nations. The very same psychology has betrayed the noble nation of Goethe and Schiller, the land of Victor Hugo, the great and honored philanhtropist, the home of Shakespeare and Milton. They have been plunged into this turmoil of sin because they did not in time "CHANGE THEIR MIND, REPENT, TURN AROUND AND GO THE OTHER WAY."

What we need today in the United States is an uprising of a conscience that will denounce the awful atrocities. Let us not lay the blame on King, Kaiser or Czar—poor unfortunate heads burdened with tyrannous crowns. They are victims of a false training, the slaves of a wicked precedent, the helpless tools of a vicious civilization, formal, fashionable, tyrannical, indulgent, pleasure-seeking, amusement-hunting people.

The simple life, fruit and wild honey for food, skin cloth and a leather girdle for clothing, typifies the way out of this.

It is significant in this connection to remember that the winter before Athens went down to lasting death was the gayest winter in the history of the city. The same thing was true of Corinth, and it was the same at the time of the French Revolution. It was a gay, wild time in Paris on the eve of that bloody deluge.

I do not consider it complimentary to the German people or to the English people, or as indicative of their power, when travelers come back and tell us that you would not know in London or Berlin that there was any war going on unless you chanced to come across the soldiers. That life is going on as gay as ever. The theaters are crowded and concerts well attended. If it be so then the nations need the gospel of John the Reformer preached to them. Somebody must get down on their knees before the Lord will forgive us all this awful iniquity. What is true of individuals is true of nations. There is a call for repentance coming.

A any rate, this or something like it is the sermon that crowds upon my mind as I try to listen to the voice of that herald of Jesus, that doorkeeper of Christianity, he who stood on the threshold of the new temple that was to rise in the centuries.

See him in his simple manliness, an honored priest kindled with a sense of indignation over the wickedness about him, sustained with the dream of a future life that is possible, sustained to the end with the thought that there was a power not himself but with him, making for the righteousness for which he pled.

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**Father, give us a clearer vision to see the road that leads to Thee, which is the road that leads to Thy service. In purity and sincerity may we live with Thee and in Thee evermore. Amen.**

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## VICTORY

Peace! for the silver bugles play,
And the glad fifes, with shriller sound;
The drum beats fast, and, far away,
Awakens joy profound.
From dawn unto the setting sun
We battled, and our foes have lost;
O heart, my heart, the day is won,—
Break thou, and pay the cost!

—*Florence Earle Coates.*

## Carlotta Perry

A Memorial Sketch

It was on a stormy April day in the spring of 1914 that one of the touchingly pathetic sights of life was witnessed in the cemetery of the pretty little city of Watertown, Wisconsin.

Awaiting the train from the city of Chicago stood a hearse and a single carriage. From the train a gentleman and a veiled lady emerged who waited and watched while a coffin, covered with flowers and so small that it might have been that of a young girl, was reverently carried and placed in its sable receptacle. The small funeral cortege wound its way through the storm to the quiet cemetery on the hill, and there in a grave already prepared in one of the oldest family burial lots in the cemetery was deposited the slight form of one whose name should and will live as one of the sweetest and most musical of American minor poets—Carlotta Perry.

When the citizens of Watertown came to know of the quiet burial of one who from early childhood had been a resident of their city, whose writings and whose fame had for a quarter of a century been known to the literary world, there was sincere regret expressed that they had not known of this death in time to prepare for a fitting memorial service. But the death, though at the close of a lingering illness, had been sudden; and devoted relatives could only tenderly but quickly fulfill Miss Perry's last wish that she might be laid to rest beside her mother in this beautiful, quiet cemetery of Watertown.

Carlotta Perry was born in Union City, Michigan, in the early forties. Her father's name was William Reuben Perry; her mother's maiden name was Louisa M. Kimball. The father was of Quaker descent; the mother of Scotch ancestry. Both were possessed of sterling mental and moral qualities; both were lovers of books and zealous in the cause of education.

Carlotta was educated in the schools of that day of which President Charles Eliot has said, "It always gives one pleasure to meet ladies educated in one of those earlier seminaries, for though their curriculum of studies was limited compared with the college courses of today, yet there was an atmosphere of refined intellectual and social culture about them that was always very charming." To this class Carlotta Perry belonged—a genuine lady of the old school. In her early youth she taught school in or near Watertown, but the employment was not long followed, for almost from her childhood she had the instinct to write.

Her earliest writings were published anonymously in the *La Crosse Republican and Leader* and at once won recognition from the readers and writers of the State. Later she wrote for the Milwaukee papers and her poems began to be widely copied. In the seventies she was a well-known contributor to *Harper's, Lippincott's, Scribner's* and other standard magazines, as well as the *New York Sun, The Boston Transcript,* the *New York Independent* and numerous church papers. Later she removed to Milwaukee, where she devoted herself for nine years to her pen and the care of her invalid mother.

Besides her poems she wrote essays, sketches and stories, and was much in demand to read from her own writings before schools, literary clubs and societies. She was the center of a group of women writers of Wisconsin who were well known to the literary world of the eastern states. Her contemporaries in Wisconsin were Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Hattie Tyng Griswold, Sarah D. Hobart, Kate Upton Clark and others. In the eastern states Celia Thaxter, Helen Hunt Jackson, Lucy Larcom and Nora Perry were her contemporaries, and many of her poems rank along with theirs.

In person Miss Perry was small, slender and graceful. She had beautiful brown eyes and soft brown hair that waved away from her face where a noticeably fine complexion and beautiful teeth gave a piquancy of expression that was almost beauty. She was always daintily attired—a characteristic not invariably displayed by women writers. For many years she was a welcome and honored guest in the homes of wealth and culture, not only in Milwaukee and Madison, Wisconsin, but also throughout the State, which honored her as one of its representative literary women.

After the death of her mother Miss Perry made her home successively with one sister and then another in Kansas City and Chicago, until the families were both grown and married and till death claimed both sisters and their homes were broken up. Grief, mental overwork and anxiety undermined her vigorous health, and for the last fifteen years of her life —which extended beyond three score and ten—she did little literary work. But she was always the cheerful, entertaining companion, the faithful and loyal friend and the devoted lover of her few remaining relatives.

In her last illness she was tenderly cared for by Mrs. Mary Noyes Perry of Springfield, Mo., wife of one of her two living nephews.

The funeral services, which were impressively simple and beautiful, were held in the parlors of the Starrett School for Girls in Chicago, in order to accommodate the many friends who wished to pay a last tribute of respect to her memory. The Rev. George K. Newell, pastor of the Sixth Presbyterian Church, conducted the services. Several friends from the Illinois Women's Press Association—of which body she had recently been elected a life member—paid high tributes to her literary work and to her character as a woman. Several of her poems were read, among them "The Reed," as being especially descriptive of her own character, "Responsibility," Giving and Gaining" and "He Leadeth Me."

Helen Ekin Starrett.

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## NIGHT.

How blest to weary eyes the gracious Night!
The all-pervading dark that draws around
All mortal kind, its mantle deep profound;
The bird, wing-weary from too long a flight,
Drops nestward; softly from yon vale and height,
The bells of foldward-straying flocks resound;
Mid-furrow stands the plow in fallow-ground,
And over fields shines out the homestead light.

The day's dull burdens all are cast aside,
A creaking cart grows fainter down the lane,
Gates click and comes the sound of falling bars;
The Night stands forth, a fair, imperial bride,
Within her hand, a balm for every pain,
And in her hair, the radiance of the stars!

*Shelbyville, Ind.* Alonzo L. Rice.

## THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

# The Flowering of the Hebrew Religion

## The New Testament

**Being the Fifth Year's Work in the Seven Years' Course of Study in the History and Practice of Religion, as given by Jenkin Lloyd Jones to his classes at the Abraham Lincoln Centre.**

Prepared for UNITY by Miss May Johnson and Mrs. William Rothmann

## II.

## The Three Boys

### JOHN, JESUS, PAUL

The voice of one crying in the wilderness,
Make ye ready the way of the Lord,
Make his paths straight.

—*Luke* iii:4.

There is a subtle psychological truth in the old saying that "familiarity breeds contempt." Perhaps it is more often true that familiarity breeds indifference, breeds stupidity, somehow dulls the edge of appreciation.

In studying the New Testament there is danger of being content with a superficial familiarity. It is to be feared that the names "John, Jesus, Paul" will bring before our minds little visual excitement, few inciting or attractive pictures.

One of the most intelligent, impassioned and enthusiastic missionaries in the Unitarian body fifty or more years ago was a Jew who loved to tell that he had reached success as a business man in St. Louis before ever his attention was called to the New Testament and to the character of Jesus. He was fortunate enough to fall under the influence of Dr. Eliot, who presented the New Testament to him in terms of natural religion and human interest. It impressed him so profoundly that he abandoned business, went to school and for many years was a missionary, telling the simple story of the last and greatest of the Jewish prophets. This is psychologically suggestive. The New Testament has been so burned over by uninspired and uninspiring teachers in Sunday Schools and pulpits that it has become a tedious common-place to thousands upon thousands of young men and women. They lose themselves in enthusiasm over Socrates and perhaps Buddha as leaders of thought, but the New Testament characters fail to quicken them to any marked degree.

Channing was wont to say that he would prefer to have his children taught errors with enthusiasm and a contagious conviction than to have them taught truth listlessly, without spirit and without enthusiasm.

The three personalities who stand at the begining of this great movement of Christianity were almost contemporary. They were born out of the same rich inheritance of Judaism and lived on the same little patch of earth. Their first lessons were of David and Solomon. Their first texts were from Isaiah, Amos and Micah, and the earlier solicitations of their parents were that they should be nurtured in the life of the Temple. They were born into the feasts, fasts and festivals of Judaism and out of that rich cultural garden of the spirit. Each grew into an individuality quite distinct. Although each had a career quite independent of the other, yet they were so bound together by the necessity of the age and the inspirations of their people that they became the founders of that great world-shaping movement called Christianity, which is yet in its incipiency and which only partially reflects the spirit and the message of these three Jewish boys, grown men.

I. John the Baptist, as he is called, John the Reformer, John the Agitator, as he might better be called, was the John Brown of Christianity, the man who saw the glaring inconsistency between the practice and pretensions of his people, and who felt a burning desire to awaken his people to righteousness. Like all reformers, he did not see things in their proper perspective, and was the first of the three to win the martyr's crown. Inferentially, after Jeremiah, John the Baptist may be called the biggest character in Jewish history until we come to Jesus himself.

Josephus gives a clear glimpse of John, although he didn't get the name as we have it.

> Now some of the Jews thought that the destruction of Herod's army came from God, and that very justly, as a punishment for what he had done against John, who was called the Baptist. For Herod had had him put to death, though he was a good man, and commanded the Jews to exercise virtue, both as to justice toward one another, and piety toward God, and so to come to baptism; for baptism would be acceptable to God, if they made use of it, not in order to expiate some sins, but for the purification of the body, provided that the soul was thoroughly purified beforehand by righteousness. Now, as many flocked to him, for they were greatly moved by hearing his words, Herod, fearing that the great influence John had over the people might lead to some rebellion (for the people seemed likely to do anything he should advise), thought it far best, by putting him to death, to prevent any mischief he might cause, and not bring himself into difficulties, by sparing a man who might make him repent of his leniency when it should be too late. Accordingly, he was sent a prisoner to Machaerus, the fortress I before mentioned, and was there put to death.
>
> (Ant. xviii, Chap. v.)

Another passage introduces the ascetic side of John. Josephus writes that when fourteen years of age he made a trial of several sects.

> Nor did I content myself with these trials only; but when I was informed that one whose name was Banus lived in the desert, and used no other clothing than grew upon trees, and had no other food than that which grew of its own accord, and bathed himself in cold water frequently, both by night and by day, in order to preserve his chastity, I imitated him in those things, and continued with him three years.

Josephus' vision called for asceticism, but John was an ascetic not to save his own soul but to save others. Out there on the banks of the Jordan, not far from the Dead Sea, he gathered the multitude together, telling them to "Repent and prepare the way of the Lord." The crowd followed. Among them came his young cousin, Jesus, who spent a season with him and was baptized. To the Jew the double meaning of bodily purification and spiritual symbolism found natural and beautiful expression in the right of baptism, an oriental custom that runs through many religions.

II. Jesus, born in the upper country, in the woods psychologically as far away from Jerusalem as Boston is from Kansas, was drawn out of a carpenter's home by the agitations of the day and was moved to go and see what the reform movement was. We think of Luther as the founder of Protestantism, but nothing is more unfair to his associates. Just as Luther's personality identified the reformation with his name, so it was the personality of Jesus that focalized the

forces that otherwise were losing themselves in inefficiency.

III. In the seaport town of Tarsus, in the province of Cilicia, on the banks of the Mediterranean in Asia Minor, another Jewish boy was born. His father, a prosperous and pious Jew, anxious to give his son all the academic privileges of that time, sent him to Jerusalem, where at the feet of Gamaliel he was indoctrinated into the sect of the Pharisees. The outcome was that through this boy, who by his own testimony had some "thorn in the flesh," the message of Jesus Christ got away from Judaism, overstepped the boundaries of a race and people and sent its power beyond the boundaries of Jerusalem and Judea.

Paul, with the trained mind of the schools, a mind for metaphysics and philosophy, was caught by this reform cause. We understand little of much he wrote, but there is not the slightest difficulty in knowing what he did. He was the most indomitable missionary known in history. He endured all sorts of indignities and hardships and penetrated the most hopeless conservatism, not only of the Jews but of the Roman and Grecian world.

Our study is not a clear path. But the New Testament is, and would not have been without the projecting of these three lives. Christianity is about two thousand years old and it would not have been if it had not been for the New Testament. You say, how full is the history of Christianity of cruelty and prejudice, of persecutions and superstitions, dogmatism and conceit! But if we are to be just we will remember that Christianity found Europe a barbaric waste. Its people clothed in the skins of wild animals. Through the potency of that something that sprang from John, Jesus and Paul they were changed into home-making, house-building, cathedral-making people. You say the New Testament is unreliable, a no-account book, full of fairy tales, impossible miracles and absurd traditions. But what about the Beatitudes, the Sermon on the Mount, the parable of the Good Samaritan and the story of the Prodigal Son?

There is a legitimate perplexity to the Jew in regard to the New Testament literature. We will try to answer during the year, why contemporary Jews knew so little of Jesus and John and Paul. Great things and great men are seldom detected, much less appreciated, by their contemporaries, particularly those who deal with subtle and intangible forces.

QUESTIONS.

(1) Give an important reason for lack of interest in the study of the New Testament.
(2) What points of similarity can be found in the boyhood of John, Jesus and Paul?
(3) What was John's message?
(4) Give an account of Paul's early surroundings and training.
(5) Contrast the Europe of today with that of 2,000 years ago.

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So many quack tree surgeons and tree repair fakers have sprung up, to the detriment of fine trees that might have been saved by competent treatment, that the Massachusetts Forestry Association has arranged to inspect and advise as to the proper treatment required by any shade trees belonging to its members without charge. Tree surgery requires considerable knowledge and experience and the operations of unskilled parties often result in more harm than help.

—*Scientific American.*

## THE STUDY TABLE

### Good Books

Looking over my books for something that would rest me during the hammock days of winter—that is, a Florida winter—I concluded to travel with Clifton Johnson. I do not know where to find anything more picturesque and highly illustrated with descriptive stories than his "Pacific Coast and Rocky Mountains; and Great Lakes; and Mississippi Valley." I am glad that the Macmillans do not find it overdoing the market for these books to send out fresh editions; one of them called the Tourist Edition, and another the Picturesque River Series. Every page interests you, and you are really doing better traveling than if you went in person over the routes.

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I have from the same firm, Macmillan's Annual, edited by E. V. Lucas. The contents of this book are so wonderfully varied that one cannot get weary, even if he have no taste for such literature as we get in his Robert Browning and Maurice Hewlett. The book sparkles, and yet it is quite heavy with history. There is some new work, first given to us in this volume, from the pens of John Ruskin and Robert Browning.

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From Macmillans I get also three remarkable stories: "Faces in the Dawn," by Hagedorn; "The Wife of Sir Isaac Harman," by Wells; and Harris' "Saturdays Child." You will enjoy these three books exceptionally well. I shall review them soon.

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I have from Macmillan's PAUL'S DOCTRINE OF REDEMPTION, by Professor Carre, of Vanderbilt University. It is an attempt to interpret Paul from the standpoint of his world philosophy. It is a powerful book; a real enlightenment. He conceives man's salvation as a chapter of cosmical history.

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*Bird Lore* for December is a double number and delightfully illustrated. It has done a great work in helping to get through our national law to protect migratory birds.

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If any book on my table needs reviewing it is the one that is labeled HOLY BIBLE. Why this book should remain as the formative force of modern civilization is a marvel. The Old Testament is a history of the war god, and absolutely antagonistic to the spirit that preached the Sermon on the Mount, gave us the Lord's Prayer and followed it up with the golden rule. What we want now is more of Jesus and much less of Jehovah. The European war is a happy illustration of Bible ethics. It is amazing that modern life should imagine itself dependent upon this old book for its religious life and humane progress. May we not hope that with the present war will go out bibliolatry—whether Protestant or Catholic?

E. P. POWELL.

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# THE FIELD

*"The World is my Country, to do Good is my Religion."*

## THE GOOD ROADS MOVEMENT.

That remarkable progress has been made in the building of good roads throughout the United States during the past few years is proven by data recently obtained by the American Highway Association, and soon to be published in the official Good Roads Year Book for 1915. It has been found that more than 34,000 miles of surfaced roads have been construced during 1913 and 1914, and that during the ten-year period from 1904 to 1914 more than 96,000 miles have been completed. That this progress has been really amazing may be understood from the fact that in 1904 there were only 153,000 miles of surfaced roads of all types in the United States. That the movement is attaining momentum as it goes is proven by the fact that while the average mileage constructed per annum during the past ten years is 9,600 miles, the total completed for 1914 exceeeded 18,000 miles. The report will show that something like 30,000 miles of highway have been completed with the aid of state funds, of which over $200,000,000 have been expended. The state aid movement began in 1892 and has therefore continued for twenty-two years. Only recently has it gotten well under way, as the results accomplished for 1913 and 1914 comprise a total of 10,000 miles of state aid highways completed, or in two years' time one-third of the entire mileage constructed with the aid of state funds has been completed.

Only six states now, out of a total of forty-eight, are without state highway departments, and thirty states have granted actual money aid to the building of roads. The Year Book, which is the official reference publication for all good roads information, is a large cloth bound volume issued early in each calendar year by the American Highway Association.

—*Scientific American.*

## AN EMPLOYER WHO SUCCEEDED BECAUSE HE PAID HIGH WAGES.

In the February *American Magazine* Ida M. Tarbell continues her series of business articles entitled "The Golden Rule in Business." In the present article she takes up the subject of wages, in the course of which she tells the story of a Brooklyn drop-forging company, founded by James H. Williams. Mr. Williams' factory grew from the smallest of its kind in the United States to the largest. His idea was that it is chiefly the employes who make a business successful and not the proprietors or the banks or the tariff or the rebates. Accordingly, he paid high wages and in other ways developed the men who worked for him to the highest point of efficiency and contentment. In the following extract from her article Miss Tarbell tells part of the story of what Mr. Williams did:

"He decided, in spite of the fact that he was running the smallest business of the kind in the country, to pay high wages. One of his chief concerns as the business grew was to see that the men were getting enough—all that they earned. Again and again a man was called in and told that something had been added to his wages because he was earning it. But the reverse was never true; that is, the pay was never cut below what was a day's wage.

"Williams was not satisfied with the operation of the fixed daily wages. He believed that it did not give the men a sufficient chance or the maximum incentive. Accordingly fifteen years ago he introduced wherever he could a system of piece work. It was at a time when this system was highly, and justly, unpopular; but Mr. Williams in introducing it made it an ironclad rule that the two practices which had made it bad repute should never be allowed in his shop. In the first place, the regular day's wage was guaranteed, whatever the man's output. In the second place, his piece work rate was never to be cut, whatever the conditions; if it was ten

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"Mr. Williams' experiments with his creed proved that it did not *spoil* labor. Today the litle drop-forge works of two hammers in 1882, and the smallest of the eight in the United States at that time, has eighty-seven, and is the largest of some twenty-eight or more in the country."

—*Exchange.*

Hymn Books Wanted

A small liberal congregation desires to purchase a supply of second hand copies of the pamphlet edition of "Hymns and Tunes from the Revised Editions of the Hymn and Tune Book and the social Hymn and Tune Book," published by the American Unitarian Association. Must be in fair condition.

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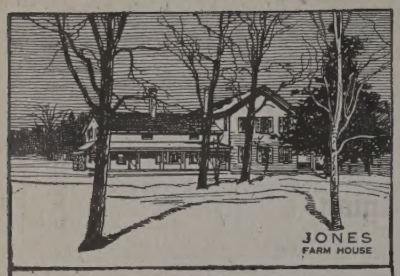


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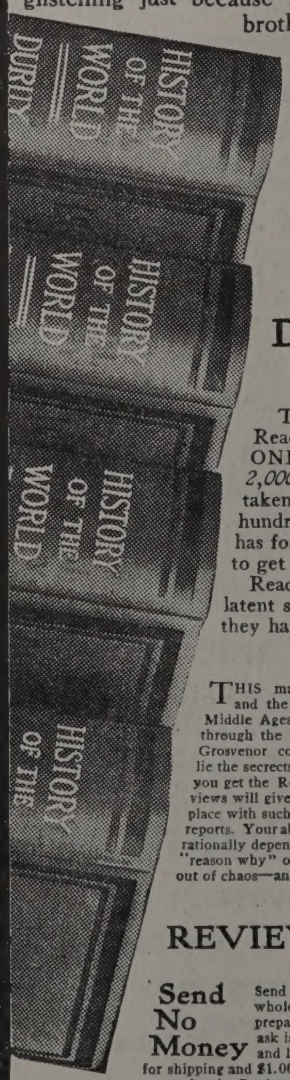


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